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TO ONE DEAD.

There is a time when patience, self-control,
And silence all are vicious and outworn,
And wondering men see strange new virtues torn
Out of the heart of hell. It seems my soul
Has known this change and now would have me whole,
Who am sick and weary of burdens, having borne
The weight of your intolerable scorn
Too long and writhed beneath your vitriol.

So when I think of what you were to me
And what the gods have made me, I could pray
That primal wolves were loose at that name Friend,
And be no villain. Yet this may not be . . .
Love lingers trembling. I will only say,
This was our friendship: I have made an end.

H.S.

LIFE AND LETTERS.



E.C.

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anager.

HE scatter-brain cry for business persons does not please us. We are acquainted with a number of business persons. The lawyers have failed us—to a lawyer. But

that is no reason why we should pin our faith to the drapers.

One statesman is worth all the business experts that were ever born. And he is better also for a people than the advertisement writers.

Mr. Lloyd George's "settlement" of the coal strike moves the Star to the following ecstacy:

"The nation to-day heaves an enormous sigh of relief mingled with gratitude to Mr. Lloyd George for using his matchless genius for statesmanship in combination with his power of personal magnetism. . . He [has] played the part of an inspired peacemaker."

The Daily Express, being doubtless short of a rhapsodist in consequence of the presence of all young Englishmen of talent at the front, is content to remark that "all [Mr. Lloyd George] has done is to agree to practically all the strikers' demands." The grammar might have been a little sounder, but the truth is there. And so wags the merry world away.

The other day Sir Henry Wood, echoing half a dozen other performers with the baton, was kind enough to tell us that a classic is still a classic, even though it be of German origin, and that the fact of its German origin should not disturb or irritate us. And another gentleman of musical tendencies, Mr. Leslie Stuart to wit, has written to one of the ha'penny papers to point out that the music trade is experiencing great loss and serious inconvenience "following on the internment" of many expert German music engravers. Mr. Stuart goes on to say that a similar inconvenience is probably being experienced by other trades and industries. Probably it is. We make no doubt that the persons responsible for the production of revues, for example, are feeling the loss of the smart young gentlemen who formerly constituted their male choruses. And we understand that in more than one fashionable emporium great stringency is being felt through the loss of certain eminent shopwalkers and winning counter attendants, who have donned the khaki. But of these latter tribulations nobody groans, rather the contrary. The plain fact is-and the sooner everybody admits it once and for all the better-that till the end of the war all things German, no matter whether they be classics or otherwise, must be taboo for English people. It is this disposition to keep on with Wagner and to howl for German engravers, German gilders, German cooks, and the maintenance of German friendships in places high and low which is at the root of a great deal that we are regretting and shall have to regret. Sir Henry Wood may tell us that the performance of a German work of genius at one of his far-famed promenade concerts can do no sort of harm, and Mr. Leslie Stuart may assure us that a German music engraver is usually an inocuous, inoffensive and entirely benevolent being. But for present purposes we must have none of them, and we

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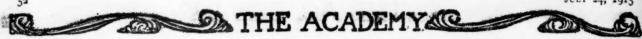
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must deny ourselves both the work of genius and the engraver till better times dawn upon us. This kind of toying and dallying with vital matters does nobody credit. It is all of a piece with the German "friends" of Cabinet Ministers and their wives, and just as dangerous and unpatriotic.

From a literary point of view, the war may be set down for a disappointment. We have had eleven months of it, eleven most exciting, distracting, and nerve-stirring months, and out of the welter the piece of writing that we might have looked for has wholly failed to appear. Even for the populace nothing has been produced that can be considered worth discussion. During the present week one of the journals which flourishes on its railway insurance policies has printed the words of what it describes as "one of the most popular patriotic songs ever published." And here, O England, is the first stanza and the chorus:—

How long ago is it now, mother,
Since Daddy first went away?
It seems such ages to me, dear,
For I'm missing him ev'ry day;
And when with bugles and drums that beat,
The soldiers come marching by,
I think of him and I try to cheer,
Yet somehow I want to cry.

When Daddy comes home again all will be right, He will be smiling, our eyes shining bright; I'm thinking how happy and proud we shall be When Daddy comes home again to you and to me.

In the same paper appears another screed entitled "Sons of Empire." More words and more chorus:—

When duty calls we hasten forth—
We need no hand to beckon—
And when we meet the foe they'll know
With whom they have to reckon;
For we are stalwarts, every one,
Whose aim is right and proper,
And when we meet the German hordes,
They's bound to come a cropper!

So we're
Marching away to Flanders,
Marching to meet the foe;
Bugles blowing,
Banners flowing,
Hurrah! and away we go!
Marching away to Flanders,
Sons of an Empire free
We speed along,
With a cheery song,
To death or to victory!

It seems but yesterday that, declaiming before an audience of hefty munition workers, Mr. Lloyd George condescended to describe England as a land of incomparable poets. All we have to say is "Out and fie upon him for a flatterer,"

Even in the trenches the soul of poetry seems to be dead. Writing from "somewhere in France," a person possessed of a trifle of critical judgment says:—

"The 24th, after a spell in the trenches, went to rest in a village. The dressing-station had a lovely write wall, on which the following lines were written:—

> South Wales Borderers, 8th City of London, What about the 6th City of London Rifles?

"The poet of our battalion then blossomed forth with the following:—

The 24th have rested here, And shifted beaucoup, beaucoup beer; If any regiment can do the same They're welcome to our glorious name.

"We left two days later for the trenches, which we occupied for a week before our return. Imagine our surprise when we beheld the following lines by way of reply:—

> The 21st have earned that name, They, too, are noted for their fame; In peace or war they're always best, And jolly pleased for a darned good rest.

"Another regiment of the brigade attempted to eclipse the others' poets with a longer poem, but a faulty last line roused the 24th poet to the following final effort, which effectively silenced his rival:—

The 24th have read your stuff,
They'd never heard such glorious bluff,
For if for a swank they felt inclined,
They leave you miles and miles behind.
You talk right well, but 'tis deeds that tell,
To joke is good, but to boast is hell.'

We had hoped and prayed for better things, but our "nest of singing birds" is evidently out of voice for the time being.

And on top of all this there comes to us the second number of "Blast," which we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be worse than the war. On the second page of the second number of "Blast" we find these terrible words:—

"We will not stop talking about culture when the war ends."

Which is at once a threat and a deplorable scandal. A few lines below Mr. Wyndham Lewis says:—

"Germany has stood for old Poetry, for Romance, more stedfastly and profoundly than any other people in Europe."

Apart from the fact that Germany is not a people but a country—doubtless your true Vorticist has no use for common distinctions—we might, if we were so disposed, put up a blank denial to this assertion.



However, as our Vorticist friend goes on to be very reviewed in the friendliest way. The following is rude to Germany we will spare him. There are a good sample notice:pretty well another hundred pages of "Blast," and we are free to say that not one of them has anything on it which merits serious attention. From a "Notice to the public," we gather that the delay in the appearance of this second number has been partially due to the illness of the editor. The present is an hour of self-sacrifice, and with all respect to the editor, we should not have been sorry if he had found it possible in the public interest to remain ill a little bit longer. We are sorry to discover that as usual the still small touch of offensiveness which will creep into the best managed publications is supplied by a lady. Until the Germans close up all the linoleum factories the artists of "Blast" should never be short of work.

The "New Age" has discovered a poet of the name of Selver. Here is some Mr. Selver:-The pustules of the leprous "Dail Mail"

Festered, and from them oozed vermilion slanders, Faithfully putting dullards on the trail

Of all that is not happening in Flanders. In streaks of black that sprawled on sickly buff John Bull" had vomited his slimy babble. I saw the gobbets of his monstrous bluff

Gulped down and savoured by a mangy rabble. We are not enamoured of either the "Daily Mail" or "John Bull," but at their worst they would find it difficult to be as objectionable as the poet Selver.

We have had all sorts of war prophecies trotted out for our edification of late weeks. But a very remarkable prophecy by the late Leo Tolstoy appears to have been entirely overlooked. We quote it here-

"I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of strange battlefields. But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the North-a new Napoleon-enters the bloody drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain till 1925."

We wonder which British newspaper proprietor will not slap himself on the chest at the sight of this vaticination and say "I am the man."

The point of view has always been a great thing in its way. A few weeks back Mr. John Lane published a translation of a book called "With the German Armies in the West," by Dr. Sven Hedin. The book provoked a good deal of severe comment in England. In America, however, it has been

Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous Swedish explorer of the Asian uplands, was last fall invited by the Kaiser to visit the German battle lines in Belgium and France with a view to acting as a sort of neutral "eye-witness" and reporting the conditions as he should find them. His book, "With the German Armies in the West," has just been translated into English, and makes, because of its quiet directness of style and its author's evident intention of honesty, distinctly interesting reading. It is by no means a non-partisan report, however. The writer is an en-The writer is an enthusiastic pro-Teuton and an active anti-Britisher. He was, too, a privileged observer, with the careful limitations of opportunity that this careful limitations of opportunity that this implies. But, except to the intransigent, these facts, instead of being fatal, merely serve to restore the balance of credibility between "eyewitnesses."

All of which goes to show that it is possible to be very neutral indeed, even in a review.

To atone, perhaps, for the insufferable doggerel by a certain Lord Latymer in the June English Review, Mr. Austin Harrison gives us in the current number of that journal some poetry by a Mr. John Gurdon. We were prejudiced at first, it is true, by an accompanying announcement to the effect that Mr. Gurdon's muse had the approval of the Poets' Club. But Mr. Gurdon wins us by sheer dint of merit, and we hasten to make our acknowledgments to all concerned. At the same time, we shall keep an eye on the English Review, which in the past has not hesitated to print the unwholesome lucubrations of Mr. Aleister Crowley (now serving the Muses in the United States of America), of Mr. Frank Harris (on a very different errand), and the equally unwholesome views of divers females with regard to

DICTATORS.

It has been said that drowning men catch at straws. We shall venture to assert that the thoughts of muddled nations are apt to turn lightly to dictators. Since the beginning of what is euphoniously called the war, England has lived and moved and had her being in an atmosphere of muddle. There were muddles in August, 1914, and there were muddles in September and muddles in October of that same year of grace. By the process of time we are now in July, 1915, and there are still muddles. And out of the accumulation of muddles upon

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muddles there has arisen naturally the beginnings of a call for a dictator. One of the morning ha'porths, having nothing better to do, told us flatly when Mr. Asquith built out of muddles the present glorious Coalition Government, that it was our duty to support, encourage and tolerate that Government because in the event of its failure there would be nothing left for us but a dictator. For our own part, we shall not prophesy in regard to the ultimate fate of the Coalition. It may succeed in its sole duty -namely, the successful prosecution of the war-or it may fail. That is not the point. But what we will say is this-If the Coalition Government does not succeed, all that can happen in England will be a general election of the old unhappy far-off sort, which may or may not put us in possession of the Government we desire and deserve. This is as far as we may go in the article of prophecy, if prophecy it may be called. But beneath the hard probabilities of the situation the idea of a dictatorship persists, and is undoubtedly being discussed not only by the rabblement, but among those persons who are commonly accepted for authority. That idea, as we have seen, creeps out in the Press; it is familiar among the political squabblers of the street corners; it is discussed in political clubs; and there are politicians in the land who have it in mind that when the dictator, the supreme and benevolent autocrat England may look to for her salvation, is discovered he will be none other than one of themselves. shall not be mealy-mouthed or attempt to butter parsnips in dealing with this possibility. So far as the view of England with regard to a dictator may be said to have assumed concrete form, that is to say, if we are to ask ourselves who the possible dictator is to be, we are brought face to face with the circumstances that there are only four men for One of them is Lord Kitchener, who may be reckoned to have the odds-on chance. Next comes Mr. Lloyd George, a nice two-to-one chance. betting about Mr. Asquith may be put down at a hundred to eight; and we must say it, though it causes us pangs, there is an outside, say a hundred to one chance, for a gentleman of the name of Bottomley. We are not putting up this statement of the position as a happy or ingenious idea of our own. We imagine, rightly or wrongly, that it reflects what is more or less hazily passing in the public mind, and if our judgment is not serving us properly we must be excused. But assuming that we are rightand we do not think we are far wrong-it is reasonable that we should look a little more closely into the

trend of things. We are of opinion that no matter what the thought of the country may be it will never stand for any of these four candidates excepting in thought. If the pinch comes, and every reasonable person will pray that it may not, the desire and will of England will turn out to be a very different affair from what even England itself at the present moment imagines. Out of centuries of struggle and political development we have built up in England a Constitution and a governmental machine which until Armageddon took us by the thrapple we were wont to believe would serve us in any conceivable vicissitude or emergency. That Constitution or machine has, in fact, served us admirably in spite of the defects of its qualities, and though it may have shown signs of a breakdown under the enormous and unprecedented strains which have fallen upon it in these late disconcerting and disastrous months we are still doing our best to believe in it and to have faith in its power to carry us through. But if by the act of God it should ever be shown to us as a broken, shattered and unreliable instrument we do not think that it follows at all that we shall discard it. As it now stands the Governmental machine may be said to consist of three main parts, namely and to wit, the King, the Houses of Parliament, and the people with votes. Plainly, if the breakdown is to come it will be a breakdown of the middle part or section of the concern, that is to say, the Houses of Parliament. Parliament, which is already an affair split up into a Cabinet, with all the authority and powers, acting almost independently in a surrounding body of critics, quibblers, and reformers, is really the sole portion of the instrument upon which we have hitherto based ourselves. That it shows signs of giving out, that it creaks and rattles and shakes in an ominous and discouraging way, means simply not that the machine itself is going to pieces but that the portion of it on which we have depended is not the sure rock we have conceived it to be. So that, roughly, we may suggest that if the Coalition fails it is the Cabinet which will have failed, and if another Cabinet produced out of a General Election also fails then the simple thing wanted is not a dictator but a dropping or casting overboard of Cabinets. We have not space to deal elaborately with the four possible dictators we have mentioned, but we contend that each of them is as impossible as dictator as the least presentable of them. Lord Kitchener is a great soldier, but we would as soon have Mr. Bottomley to reign dictatorially over us as Lord Kitchener, and we would as soon have Mr. Asquith as Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Lloyd George as Mr. Asquith. tter

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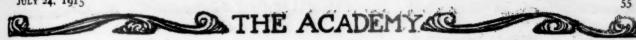
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None of them is of the stuff of which dictators for a nation with any sense of its greatness could be made. When the worst comes to the worst, therefore, and we find ourselves compelled by the force of overwhelming circumstances to be done with Cabinets we must fall back on what is left of our essential selves, namely, the King, representatives of the people assembled in Parliament for the advice and support of the King and the expression of the people's wishes, and the people themselves. King, Parliament and People must stand or fall together. They are England, and they only are England. They will be here and capable of looking after their own affairs when the demagogues, place-hunters, and bestowers of patronage are all dead and damned. They are of their essence honest, forthright forces and they need no saviours, no "leaders," and no dictators other than themselves. This, we maintain, is the thought for the time and the only thought that is proper to be indulged when we are reduced to the contemplation of the failure of Governments.

RUPERT BROOKE.

1887-1915.

Rupert Brooke was born in 1887, the son of a Rugby housemaster. On leaving Rugby School he went up to King's College, Cambridge; in 1913 a dissertation on Webster gained him a Fellowship of his College. In September, 1914, he joined the Royal Naval Division with the rank of sub-lieutenant, and after taking part in the Antwerp Expedition in the following month, he died in the Ægean in April of this present year. He was buried at Lemnos.

These few facts, so often recapitulated during the last four months, contain all that is materially relevant to Rupert Brooke's career. But behind them there lurk the activities and interests, the gifts with which he was so lavishly endowed, that make up his personality. His passion for life, for beauty, and for the unattainable things imagination suggested, no less than the visible world of sea and sky and field and wood, was transmuted into his poems, the whole sum of which is contained within two slender volumes. His poetry resembles none other that comes under the "Georgian" title. Certainly it is lyrical, a record of personal feelings, which tells us a good deal about the poet; in its point of view, however, it is necessarily different from that of any contemporary writers. Its intensity, its humour, its delight in youth and life-and hence

obversely an insistence on death and the horrors of age-its incessant adventure to express the things of the spirit, felt only and perhaps impossible to communicate, are entirely its own. It is because of this particular texture that the poetry of Rupert Brooke is comparatively small in bulk; he wrote only when he had something to write about, something to say which he thought worth saying. Indeed, in everything of his there is the feeling of a thought or fancy put in an original way, or a series of incidents, as in "Menelaus and Helen" seen in a new light. Here he throws a flood of cold reason on the half-told tale of the poet; he goes to the real end of the story, beyond the romantic ending, with the perfect knight kneeling before the perfect queen. The old poet does not see "the long connubial years" coming after:-

"He does not tell you how white Helen bears Child on legitimate child, becomes a scold, Haggard with virtue. Menelaus bold

Waxed garrulous, and sacked a hundred Troys 'Twixt noon and supper. And her golden voice Got shrill as he grew deafer. And both were old. "Often he wonders why on earth he went

Troyward, or why poor Paris ever came. Oft she weeps, gummy-eyed and impotent; Her dry shanks twitch at Paris' mumbled name. So Menelaus nagged; and Helen cried; And Paris slept on by Scamander side."

It is because of an ending like this that critics have accused Rupert Brooke of mere cleverness. a criticism is hardly adequate, for here it is much more the pointed, undelusioned climax of a writer who knows so well what he means that his sense forces itself into a quick, terse conclusion. It is the same in the satiric piece describing the fish theology of a future heaven of their desires; the same also in his early Sonnet, "I said I splendidly loved you; it's not true," or in the fantasy about the "damned successful poet" loving a radiant lady, though both, unawares, were dead.

In the lines we have quoted above it is easy to see his objection to the conventional romantic attitude; in this matter he had no delusions. Mr. E. I. Dent, who knew Rupert Brooke well, has insisted on his detestation of romanticism * and the "quaintness" that so often accompanied it. Mr. Dent quotes a passage of Brooke's criticism à propos The Knight of the Burning Pestle:-

"And as it matters nothing if we find a little less in The Knight than its author intended, so there

^{*} In an article on Rupert Brooke, The Cambridge Magazine, May 8, 1915.

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is no need to find more, as happens with such literature and other antiquities as time has robbed of all good and vigorous qualities, and given only a pathetic second childhood, which the young, in desperate veneration, value under the quaintness.' There are a few places in the play where the decay may have set in, if we are not careful. How 'quaint' of the Citizen's Wife to ask for 'shawms'! Grotesque word! But the Elizabethan, who was used to shawms in the hands of waits on State occasions, would not have understood our mirth. But quaintness, which swathes dead books as sentimentality swathes dead people, has little hold on the living.'

We remember well at Cambridge hearing Rupert Brooke read a paper on modern dramatists, in which he showed particularly his interest in Tchekoff and Strindberg. They appealed to him, because in their work-and this is more a Russian than a Western characteristic-there frequently appear those unreasoned thoughts and speeches, odd freaks and twists of the mind which thrust themselves forward on most unexpected occasions, of tragedy or horror perhaps, and which are susceptible of no reasoned explanation. They are so much a past of life; and two modern dramatists in particular have used these queer, obscure moments with often startling effect. These things may be details in their drama, but they appealed to Rupert Brooke. And the reason of this was that he himself had so often felt the wild "incommunicable thrill of things," perhaps not precisely in their way, but at any rate in the region of things felt which cannot be expressed. He was so often conscious of a restraining influence in what would be his highest flights. This is what he means when he describes how those beyond the sun will no longer hover over the earth so lately left, but find some forgotten nook, and there:-

"Spend in pure converse our eternal day; Think each in each, immediately wise; Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say What this tumultuous body now denies; And feel, who have laid our groping hands away; And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.'

And that is what Mr. Walter de la Mare, so sympathetic with this side of his work, meant when he wrote of the haunting quality of his verse. "But what haunts it," he says, "is the remembrance, the desire of that 'shattering ecstasy,' that amazing, instantaneous, age-long pause and poise which comes and is gone, exalts and casts down. The one dread-knowing human nature, knowing how 'the faded dreams of Nineteen-ten were Hell in Nineteenfive,' knowing, with all his clear, vigilant conscious-

ness, his heart as he did-his one dread was not that he should die, but that he should live on, dead, when 'infinite hungers leap no more.' . . ."

And so, in spite of the depths of these inner feelings, these elusive moments of ecstasy, it is no contradiction to speak of him, as we have already done, as an intellectual, undelusioned, tremendously aware of what to him were nightmares and horrors. Old age was one of these. And so, naturally, as an escape, he turned to love and death. But here also his love does not realise itself: there comes a moment of awakening, a disillusionment, as in "The Voice," where a wondrous spell, a captured instant of perfect knowing, is hideously shattered. And love destroyed itself.

Another love poem, "The Hill," one of the most beautiful things he ever wrote, shows a different facet of the same. It is a lovely pagan utterance, this cry of the poet as they lie flung together on the windy hillside.

"'We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here. Life is our cry. We have kept the faith! 'we said; 'We shall go down with unreluctant tread Rose-crowned into the darkness!' . . . Proud we were, And laughed, that had such brave true things to say. -And then you suddenly cried, and turned away."

There is a further thought which continually intrigued Rupert Brooke in his verse-the thought of old age. He reacted to it with the disgust of an immortal who feels in himself the pulsing blood of an eternal youth. The lines from "Menelaus and Helen" show this, and more brutally his piece, "Jealousy." "When we are old, are old," was an ever-present fear with him. There was no joy in age, when the first fine ardours of life were extinguished, and love had become routine, and the old wonders were losing their thrill. He was of so different a calibre from the ordinary, so full of pulsing vigorous life, so eager for new emotions; these he wonderfully succeeded in expressing in his verse.

What, then, of his feeling towards Death? He did not fear it as an enemy; rather it was to be a new experience, was to provide a last new thrill before Guyau, the French philosopher, has extinction. somewhere written of the strange final irony of Death, for sometimes, he says, it is our fancy that perhaps in their last moment the dying will guess her secret and close their eyes in a quick, clear flash of light. "Notre dernière douleur reste ainsi notre dernière curiosité," said Guyau. This must have been ot

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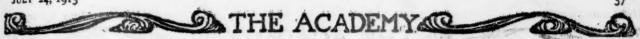
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somewhat Rupert Brooke's feeling. He wrote much about the inexplicable side of Death, as well as of the gross material side which so often shows itself in unreasonable ugliness. "There are things-pieces of folly, or bad taste, or wanton cruelty-in the Christian, middle-class way of burying the dead that make me ill," he wrote in a letter shortly after his father's death. But he felt no less immediately that other aspect which Guyau tried to explain-for Death to Rupert Brooke would be at least a new adventure, a change more vital than any other he had known, even though he did not afterwards exist to recognise it. He was conscious of the dignity of it after the events of August last year: his 1914 Sonnets have expressed that finally and definitely. before the war the same idea was present. "Clouds," written in the Pacific two years ago, he compares the dead to the unending columns as they press "Down the blue night . . . in noiseless tumult ":-

"They say the Dead die not, but remain

Near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth,
I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as these,
In wise majestic melancholy train,

And watch the moon, and the still-raging seas, And men, coming and going on the earth."

In Rupert Brooke's earlier poems there may have been some deliberate intention to stir foolish people with a penetrating realism, a few youthful bravados, but on the whole it is fair to say that there is little in his work that is not based on genuine feeling or the desire to express a definite thought deserving expression. It was this, along with his attention to form, that marked him out so particularly among contemporary poets. And then, he had humour which peeps out again and again; it appears in the "Grant-chester" poem, written in a famous Berlin café. There is joy and laughter in the piece, and it reveals some of his intense feeling for his own soil and the Cambridge county which he knew best.

"Here tulips bloom as they are told;
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose;
And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,
A slippered Hesper; and there are
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton
Where das Betreten's not verboten."

Just as his poetry has this peculiarly individual note, so it was impossible to be in contact with Rupert Brooke for the shortest space of time without becoming aware of a rare and vivid personality.

This penetrating personal charm and his wonderful physical comeliness went quite naturally with his intellectual qualities. There was no arrogance. Always he showed the greatest interest in and sympathy with whatever one happened to be telling him. The perfectly frank and open expression of

"A young Apollo, golden haired,"

inspired genuine friendships. He had great sympathies. It may well be, as more than one writer has suggested, that in the future he will live as a mythical figure, a legend almost, to which two slender volumes are the only key.

J. F. H.

"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

The assassination of Mr. A. M. T. Jackson, of the Bombay Civil Service, caused widespread regret among all those who valued his scholarly contributions to the anthropology, history, and linguistics of Western India.

—Athenæum.

Mr. D. S. MacColl, Keeper of the Wallace Collection, is preparing for early publication a volume of verses to be entitled "Seaweed and Rose." The book will be issued by Messrs. MacLehose, publishers to the University of Glasgow.—Athenœum.

Miss Brown, the Editress of "Home Chat," is one of the best known and most gifted lady journalists in the world. She is a director of the Amalgamated Press.—Sunday Pictorial.

Mr. Bottomley . . . is perhaps the most widely read and listened to man of the day.—Sunday Pictorial.

A certain number of cotton frocks and plain white skirts suitable for tennis or boating are indispensable, but the plain coat and skirt of sturdy tweed or rainproof covert coating, which can be worn either at the seaside or in the country whenever the weather is dull or cold, is a most important item in the holiday wardrobe.—Sunday Pictorial.

Sir Edward Grey's return to the Foreign Office restores to politics the statesman to whom more than to any of his contemporaries the world looks for the means of re-establishing its normal life. Nor has his country a less expectation of him. It has at this moment a special use for his calm mind and disinterested character. Periods of storm throw up many personalities, and a nation quickly discovers the stuff of which its ablest sons are made.—Nation.

Lord Curzon's book is one of great variety. He translates the war poems of M. Cammaerts and other Belgian poets into English verse; Collins, Tennyson, Byron, Wordsworth, Clough, Hogg, Cowley, Gray, Mrs. Hemans, and others into Latin metres, various pieces from Plato, the Greek Anthology, and other classical authors into English verse, and makes a rhymed adaptation of Addison's "Vision of Mirzah." Such an enterprise, in these unlettered days, is very agreeable.—Nation.

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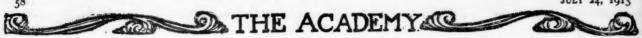
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CARBER'S CRUISE.1

AN IRONIC RHYME.2

I.

Undoubtedly we do not think enough About the simple fisher folk at sea; Their constitutions must be very tough To stand such weather-it occurs to me That that is why they wear, these fish retrievers, Oilskins and hats affected by coal-heavers.

Rugged they are and wrinkled, I believe, (I know them only, reader, by report), And not like other sailors, who achieve A name for having wives in every port. The nature of their dangerous avocations Does not permit of untoward relations.

Some things there are more true than alibis, Some things we know by hearsay, some will grow To seem like truths and all the time are lies; Life is indeed uncertain, but I know, For all my little knowledge of seafaring, There is no pleasure in a tasteless herring.

My brother once upon a fishing smack Sought health and recreation on the sea; He went out to the Dogger Bank and back, And he was ill-as ill as he could be. I think if I was wanting recreation, I'd find some much less trying occupation.

Not that the Dogger Bank has not its charm-The very name is instinct with romance!-But all the same I view with less alarm The thought of some quiet holiday in France, Or, greatly daring, at a pinch I'd lighten Cares and exchequer with a trip to Brighton.

The Dogger Bank! I see its emerald green, The bobbing smacks, the glittering meshes-I'm Sure in imagination better seen;

Art shows the way to Nature all the time; Doubtless the Bard of Avon we've to thank That wild times happen on the Dogger Bank. And then the trouble when the squall occurs! The Yo heave ho!—I hope I've got it right-And all night long the hapless mariners Drink rum (I hate it!) till the morrow's light Shall hint at Grimsby town or kingdom come. No thanks, my lads, I'd rather stay at home!

It happened in the spring of ninety-six, Or ninety-seven-what's the odds when Time Is only part of that mad box of tricks We call the brain, and more important's rhyme!-

The fishing fleet put out from Grimsby harbour, Bearing, with others, John Nathaniel Carber.

Carber, a quiet, meditative man, As some remarked, "a bit above his station," Once on a time had been an Anglican, But Darwin came and spoilt his education,

Disturbed his simple faith with that amœba, And made him an enigma to each neighbour.

He stood now at the helm the while the fleet, Under a moon, white, cold and sinister, Put out to sea, a ghostly troop, to meet Whatever luck fate might administer. But Carber was at work on other things, Trying to fit tails under angels' wings.

His was a case of philosophic doubt, As you have guessed—a very bad condition For any man-a tooth you can't have out, And fatal for a man in his position; For just consider, children, would you wish a man Who doesn't know what's what to be a fisherman!

Out on the rolling deep (I think it is), Where perils hover always round the smacks, The philosophic doubter fails in this: He hasn't time to get the faith he lacks Before, what ho! the stormy winds do blow, Reminding him of all he doesn't know.

Carber was arguing this way and that, Sometimes the angels won and then the apes, Sometimes he wondered what the gods were at, That his imaginings could take such shapes. Children, beware! you'll never know what peace is If once you read " The Origin of Species."

I haven't read it yet, and don't intend to-I'm told it's very dull, and what is worse, Or much the same, perhaps, there is no end to Its criticisms of the universe, And such-like stuff that doesn't really matter: The universe can stand a lot of chatter.

"In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder."

Smollet: Epilogue to the Reprisal.
Lloyd's Encyclopædic Dictionary.

⁽¹⁾ Crûise (1) s. (Dut. kruis—a cross, from Lat. crucem, accus. of crux.) A voyage made in several directions; a sailing here and there for pleasure, exercise, or in search of an

⁽²⁾ Warning to Libraries: T interest," is not for the jeune fille. The story, having no "love-

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He muttered, pondering on evolution, Like many others, little to their profit, Who cannot see the truth for thinking of it.

The bark held on its way—I say the bark, This being a poetic term for boat; Beauty lay all around him in the dark, Supplying—had he known!—an antidote To Darwin, Spencer, Mill, and all the rest of them: Not worth a yellow daffodil, the best of them.

Green of the seas by night, there is no green Like that clear emerald! It is the king Of all the colours as the virgin queen Of colour is the fairy green of Spring. My God, you readers of a fatty Punch, If you loved colour better than your lunch!

I question very much if Mr. Smith, Whose soul is one with that unhappy journal, Has ever seen the train he travels with, Or anything indeed but his infernal Self, that, when considered, after all, Is really microscopically small.

It's not for me to be contemptuous, But if for once he looked, and looked again, He might—by all that's great and marvellous!— Go home and say: "My dear, I saw a train." Thus building in the mind of Mrs. Smith Foundations of a mighty monolith.

For Mrs. Smith would look at him and say, "You don't seem very well, dear," and if he Persisted, would suggest a holiday At Margate for a week or two. "The sea And change will do you good "; and Smith, a prey To new imaginings might go away.

And then-you never know!-the joy of trains Awakened in his breast might lure him on To "empty some dull opiate to the drains" And taste the vintages of Helicon. Life without Keats would still have cakes and ale, But leave us Punch, just Heaven, and The Mail! (3) And after that-indeed, you never know!-Smith on the Jetty, minion of the moon, Hearing a lover's somethings whispered low, Might learn the meaning of the world; and soon Be asking in regard to Mrs. Smith, Why she seemed less than kind and more than kith.

God of the social order! Tooting cries, And Bedford Park, and Balham, and Belgravia, Where are you leading us? The moral ties Will not permit of Juan-like behaviour. My answer, sir or madam, as the case is, Is in your hearts: be calm and keep your places.

I don't care twopence if he fled that night, Or, dreadful thought! succumbed to Margate's charms.

The things I care about?-well, "wretched wight" Is a poor substitute for "knight-at-arms." The key to which remark is there for all Whom La Belle Dame sans merci hath in thrall. (4)

Smith's history, at any rate, is over, His future troubles no concern of mine; You can't pluck grapes from thistles, though you cover With fig leaves every tendril of the vine; And so, no doubt, he'll end as he began, A " moral," unimaginative man.

(4) The spread of the American language was not the least of the immoral and vicious tendencies of the age of the Propagartists (1900-1920). The line: What can ail thee, knight-at-arms in the great romantic poem of Keats, was still being printed in some aditions.

some editions

What can ail thee, wretched wight.

And this in the twentieth century! And with a library censorship!—The Memoirs of Lady Dorothy Hatton, 1948.

(To be continued.)

I wonder if we realise how immensely such a material detail as our hedgerows may influence national character. -Outlook.

Mr. Reginald Hely, manager of Messrs. Straker-Squire, Ltd., has sent me a highly interesting little brochure containing something like a hundred letters of appreciation which owners of Straker-Squire cars have felt prompted to write from all parts of the world. The series opens with a description by Mr. G. W. Bransby Williams of his experiences in India, where he made a tour of some 5,100 miles, in the course of which he covered 297 miles on the Grand Trunk road from Calcutta on a total consumption of eleven gallons of petrol-27 miles per gallon-and he remarks that although the temperature was well over 100 degrees the extra air inlet enabled him to get a perfect mixture in spite of the heat.

Genius always gets the better of pedestrian talent.-Dr. Whibley in the Daily Mail.

^{(3) &}quot;Golly, what a paper!" was an ejaculation of Stevenson's, Dick, regarding the Athenaum. The Mail is a classic. De mortuis . . . you know. But don't worry about these things. I'll hark back to that really interesting point in your letter about the Gore girls.—From a letter in the possession of the Norfolk Family, 1937.



REVIEWS.

CHANTONS, CAMMAERTS, CHANTONS.

"Belgian Poems." By EMILE CAMMAERTS (Lane.) 5/-

It is better to be born lucky than lyrical. We will say right off for Emile Cammaerts that he was born both lyrical and lucky. And this volume of Belgian poems may be taken as a monument alike of his luck and his lyricism. To put the matter another way, let us imagine Britain over-run by howling and ravening American soldiery and, say, Mr. Binyon a refugee in Brussels publishing War Verses with the Mr. John Lane of that city, and suddenly becoming the pet and plaything of that section of its inhabitants which may be termed the titled and official classes. This is what has happened to M. Cammaerts. As poet, at best, he is a Binyon, and falls short of Mr. Binyon intellectually and in the gifts of austerity and restraint, and as war-verse writer he is, at best, of about Mr. Binyon's level and at worst of about the level of Mr. Begbie. Yet it is a fact that for weeks past the literary press of the country has been out to do the honours and to pile up the praises for M. Cammaerts. It is a fact also that wherever one goes by social paths, Cammaerts is the affair of the hour. At the Duchess' charitable parties it is a case of "Chantons, Belges, Chantons!" with Rejane and slow music. It is the same at the Palace Theatre, and even so at the Bohemian Night Club. Only a few months back a Hindoo gentleman named Rabinadrath Tagore held the critical and social floor. But after basking in the approval of Mr. W. B. Yeats and bagging the Nobel prize, he went off to India's coral strand ablaze with hope and glory. Now, M. Cammaerts reigns in his stead and literary and gadabout London has no room for anybody else. Passing, we may remark that the prompt appreciation of foreigners is an eminently British trait. In music and in painting it has been marked and combated by jealous British There is a movement afoot for the establishment of a British Opera, as opposed to the Continental product. And soon it may be that we shall find the British minor poets agitating for that hearing which seemed so ready for the Hindoo, the Jap, and now the Belgian, and is so implacably denied the native born.

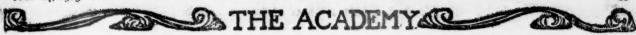
However, let us look into M. Cammaerts. He divides the present volume—the worth of which, by the way, is not enhanced by the fact that "the proceeds of the first edition are to be devoted to the Belgian

Soldiers' Fund for the purchase of tobacco"—into four portions, namely, Patriotic Songs, Carols, Love Poems, and "Mystic" Poems. For all artistic purposes we may dismiss each of these sections with the exception of one, the carols. Though he has written "Chantons, Belges, Chantons," which has been set to music by Sir Edward Elgar and recited with hurricane passion by Rejane and others, M. Cammaerts is not the great patriotic poet, but simply a middling writer of Hymns of Hate on the right side of the bellicose hedge. Take "New Year's Wishes to the German Army," for example. We use the very literal translation supplied by the poet's wife:—

I wish that every hour of life May wound your heart. I wish each step you take in strife May burn your feet. I wish that you may be both blind and deaf Unto all lovely things, That you may walk all day and night Beneath a sky bereft of light, Seeing no flowers in the fields, Hearing no word, no bird's sweet song To mind you of the wives and children left Alone at home so long. I wish the soil-our country's soil-May open and become A quicksand 'neath your ranks, And that the streams—our country's streams-May overflow their banks And drown your hosts. I wish your nights may poisoned be By all our martyr's ghosts, That you may neither watch nor sleep, But ever breathe the smell of blood By our Holy Innocents shed.

And so on and so forth. That we may not be accused of quoting a translation wherein the beauties of the original are lost or suppressed, we also reproduce M. Cammaerts' own French:—

Je souhaite que chaque heure Vous meurtrisse le cœur. Je souhaite que chaque pas que vous ferez Vous brûle les pieds. Je souhaite que vous deveniez aveugles et sourds A la beauté des choses, Et que vous marchiez, nuit et jour, Sous un ciel morose, Sans voir les fleurs écloses au coin des haies, Sans entendre un mot, sans surprendre un chant Qui vous rapelle les femmes et les enfants Laissés dans vos foyers. Je souhaite que la terre, notre terre, Se creuse de fondrières Sous vos canons, Et que les rivières du pays, de notre pays, Sortent de leur lit Pour submerger vos bataillons. Je souhaite que les spectres de nos martyrs Empoisonment vos nuits,



Et que vous ne puissiez plus ni veiller, ni dormir, Sans respirer l'odeur du sang De nos Saints Innocents.

We maintain this is the 'Im of 'Ate as spluttered and sung by Fritz and 'Ans, and pretty lame and impotent at that. There is really no hate in it, none of the fierce, high rage which justifies the setting down of such a passion on paper. It resembles rather the roar of sucking doves, the angry bleat of lambs, or the shriek of vengeance of rabbits. In other words, it fails because it is written by a poet who is not a good hater, and not a patriot in the sense that patriotism is a flame with him and all he knows and cares about. Any person with an elementary understanding of the differences between poets, who read at Christmas, 1912, M. Cammaert's carol "Les Rois," could have told him then and there that if ever he threw himself into dithyrambic competition with poets of the calibre of the genial and bloodthirsty Herr Lausser, he would be bound to make a mess of it. "Les Rois" is probably the most beautiful and pellucid visualisation of what we may term the " Noel sentiment" in literature. This is high praise, but it is deserved; even the translation triumphs, because it could not escape the touch of the poignant simplicities which inform and illuminate the poem itself. For this poem and for two others in the same kind, named, respectively, "The Shepherds" and "The Ass and the Ox," we must be grateful; we must be proud to have M. Cammaerts among us, and glad to have him read and admired by Buckingham Gate and Bayswater. And we must forgive him "Chantons, Belges, Chantons," "New Year Verses," and even " Au Grand Roi d'un Petit Pays."

DANTE AGAIN.

The Paradise of Dante.—Translated by Charles Laucelor Shadwell, D.C.L., with an Introduction by John William Mackail, LL.D. (Macmillan.) 12s. 6d. net.

Professor Mackail's Introduction to this translation of the Paradise contains the following passage:

"Poetry, as the pattern and interpretation of Life, is the ultimate expression of all thought and of all knowledge; as the expression of mankind begins with poetry, so it ends on it; and the great poet who appears at intervals of many generations sums up or interprets—one might almost say incarnates—the whole material, social and intellectual movement of the race... As art pure and simple, poetry like all other art is untranslatable; in the process of translation the work of art ceases to be itself. Yet the instinct to translate poetry is natural, and the translation itself need be neither meaningless nor useless."

We take it that Dr. Shadwell concurs in this judgment, as we ourselves heartily concur. That is to say, so far as a philosophic definition of poetry is concerned, and so far as the truth about translation is concerned. As the instinct to translate poetry is natural, the soaring human translator is perhaps not to be blamed for attempting a task which au fond is impossible. Nobody who can read Dante in the original will ever admit that he has been translated in anything like a poetically satisfactory manner, any more than the man who has read Shakespeare in the original could be expected to abide him in the language of France or Russia, or especially of Germany. So that all persons, if they be reasonable, must take their translators with a reservation and a critical deduction or allowance for ungetoverable circumstances. We have no doubt in the world that Dr. Shadwell's version of Dante's Paradise will be welcome to the student, and it may even be to the theologian, and we desire to extend to him all the charities that a hard-working and well-meaning translator has a right to expect. But in spite of all that may be argued by friendly prefaces and all that may be conceded by friendly criticism, we still venture to maintain that if the reading world possesses any rights at all, it possesses the right of demanding from a translator of poetry not only that his work shall be "neither meaningless nor useless," but that it shall also possess or exhibit at least some traces of artistic judgment and poetical feeling. It is with the greatest regret that we find ourselves compelled to say of Dr. Shadwell's translation that it is not the work of a poet. We turn haphazard to the beginning of Canto 8, and this is what we are permitted to read:-

In days of old the world believed, By fancy perilous deceived, That the fair Cyprian dame Beamed forth love's maddening flame, Wheeled in third epicycle round: Wherefore in ancient error bound, Not her alone with cries, And votive sacrifice, Men sought; but to her son, her mother, Homage they paid, both one and other, Dione, Cupid, erst In Dido's bosom nurst. Hence unto her that prompts my song Doth that fair planet's name belong, Close to the sun inclined, In front or now behind. Of my ascent I was not ware: But well I knew me entered there: Taught by the added grace Of my fair Lady's face.

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Without beating about the bush, we shall say of this passage that it is weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. We do not suggest that Dante himself was by any means at the top of his utterance when he wrote Canto 8 of the Paradise, but Cary, the despised and neglected, appears to us to have made a much better job of the Canto than Dr. Shadwell. For Dr. Shadwell's

> Of my ascent I was not ware: But well I knew me entered there:

Cary does manage to give us

I was not ware that I was wafted up Into its orb; but the new loveliness, That graced my lady, gave me ample proof That we had entered there.

And, as we all know, there are passages in Cary which by accident or design happen to be poetry, whereas we are afraid that Dr. Shadwell manages always to fall short of anything which may be considered poetical achievement. Comparisons are odious and invidious, and we shall refrain from pursuing a comparison between Dr. Shadwell and the Rev. H. F. Cary, A.M., further. Scholars have a prescriptive right to edit, expound, translate, or otherwise deal with authors, obscure and immortal, and Dr. Shadwell has not exceeded the scholar's prerogative. At the same time, if he undertook to translate Dante in the hope that he would be able to present to the English reader a clearer, a more moving or more convincing reflex of the Paradise than already existed, we are bound to tell him that his hope has not been realised, and that the English reader is no better off with Dr. Shadwell than he was without him. For the rest, the translation is finely printed, with the Italian on one page and the English on the other, the volume is handsomely bound and easy to hold, and if there were any poetry in it beside Dante's it would be cheap at twelve and sixpence net.

A loss of a purse is a sheer waste of money. least, we never yet met any one so amiable as to hope that the thief had enjoyed his find, or so optimistic as to imagine that he had made a good use of it. For the time being the chagrin takes possession of the loser's imagination and transforms his real annoyance into a fancied grief. The present writer had several pounds stolen from him the other day, and before many hours were past he thought he had lost Fortunatus's purse .-Spectator.

It was inevitable that the passions, hopes, and sorrows which have been evoked by the death-struggle in which the great nations of Europe are now engaged should elicit an outburst of song. It is to the episodes connected with the war that we owe the publication of this attractive volume. - Spectator.

It is difficult to speak in temperate language of the Neither the duration of the strike in South Wales. trouble nor the nature of the men's grievances will affect our opinion that the episode reflects indelible disgrace upon the British working classes .- Outlook.

In hours of lassitude and dejection Wordsworth found momentary solace and refreshment in a vision of gleaming daffodils as he had seen them years before. Probably his everyday employment was not particularly onerous, and at the worst we may doubt whether he experienced the flatness, staleness, induced by sedentary work of an uninteresting kind on a dull day in drab I mean that mood when all the faculties seem streets. dulled, when all the poetry, romance, glamour, whatever we may call it, seems to be drawn out of life, and common things are merely common, and nothing has power to awake in us a thrill or a glow. Then a chance delicious phrase in a paper, like Miss Jane Barlow's reference to the "myriad wild roses . . . pure snowflakes"some such touch of the free air and the depression goes; instantly we are alert and sensitive; and strangely our bodies share the transformation with our minds. Sometime when jaded the sound of raindrops dashed against my windows has miraculously brought back animation. Saturday Review.

The great difficulty about a farce is how to keep it up. Authors succeed often enough in making us laugh through their first act or through their opening chapters; but how rarely does our amusement last to the end of the show! The farce-maker has a double problem to solve. Not only has he to contend against his own natural tendency to run dry of entertainment, but he has to fight a dwindling capacity for appreciation in his reader. the Law of Diminishing Returns has a strong application to laughter. A joke in chapter two may make us roar; but an equally good joke in chapter fourteen will pro-bably leave us cold. The author, therefore, in order to be truly successful, must not only maintain his level, but must positively raise it. The whole work must be a continuous crescendo of amusement unless it is to leave us with a flat taste in our mouths before we are half-way through it. Everyone will be able to recall one or two instances of a farce that fulfills this condition. Charley's Aunt is a humble but fairly successful specimen. fiction Mr. Hichens's The Londoners may be recalled, though probably The Wrong Box is the most classical example.—Spectator.

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FICTION.

In Mr. Knox's Country. By C. Æ. Somerville and Martin Ross. gmans, Green. 6s.)
By George A. B. Dewar. (Elkin Matthews. 2s. 6d. (Longmans, Green. Dreams.

The Rose Garden Husband. By Margaret Widdemer. (Hodder, & Stoughton. 6s.)

Betty Wayside. By Louis Stone. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

GENERAL.

Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance. By Christopher Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance. By Christopher Hare. (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)

Some Aspects of the War. By S. Pérez Triana. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Way of the Red Cross. With a Preface by Queen Alexandra. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net.)

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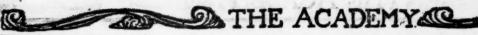
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